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Grace Hortense Tower Tells How It Seems To Come Back To Hawaii

By GRACE HORTENSE TOWER

When the malihini visitor arrives in Honolulu the question with which he is greeted on all sides is "What do you think of it?" and this is closely followed by its sequel, "How do you like it?"

When that visitor has liked it so well the first time that he returns a second, as a kind of half-kamaaina, he is met with another question asked much more eagerly than those of the former occasion.

"How does it seem the second time? Do you like it as much as you did at first?" is what he hears on all sides.

That question regarded in the future tense I confess troubled me somewhat when a few weeks ago I was considering the possibility of visiting the islands again, after an absence of nearly two years.

That happy dream of two years ago, when I came here as a member of the Southern California Editorial party, had always remained with me as a beautiful memory, a kind of melow background for the experiences that have come after. Dared I spoil it or run the risk of doing so by going back? Honolulu had always had a halo around it ever since that delightful visit; would a second visit destroy that halo? I have always heard that if one enjoys a thing very much a repetition of it is never quite satisfying—there is always a lack, a something missing, unnamed perhaps, but still missing.

Would all those delicious little thrills that chased themselves up and down my spinal column when I caught the first glimpse of coconut trees swaying gently beneath a smiling rainbow, come again, or would they be dispelled forever? Would the breezes from the Waikiki shore bring whisperings of contentment and joy and peace? Would the louds come and go in all their glory of color and form? Would the sea still be for me a rainbow sea? Would all seem written in a higher key than the rest of the world? Or would that atmosphere of idealism be gone when I saw it all for the second time?

And worst of all, I thought, "Places are nothing without people. Maybe my friends over there in the middle of the ocean won't like me any more. Perhaps they will have forgotten all about me. Supposing they have, what will Honolulu be like then?" Well, I just shivered to think what it would be like if all the things I loved were different, and once or twice I was half-afraid to go again.

"No, you probably won't enjoy it as much this time," said the Pessimist, with a very superior, ask-me-know-kind of an air. "People seldom to the second time they do things, you know, and there is no reason why you should be an exception. Besides," he said, airily, "the Fleet will be there and people won't have any time to bother with you. It will be very hot over there now, and you will long for the mountain pines. You will be seeing Honolulu under very different circumstances this time. I advise you not to go." I crunched the Pessimist with a look.

That, and a little money, was all I needed to make me decide then and there to go. A little opposition now and then is needed by the best of men—and women, too, and my decision was made. Wouldn't I just show the old Pessimist whether Honolulu could smile in the same old way or not? Hadn't I had the thrills all over again each time I dined at a certain cafe in Los Angeles where the Hawaiian quintet club plays each night, and hadn't I almost wept every time I heard the plaintive, sweet notes of the "Aloha Oe"? Of course I had; and I got a thrill right then just thinking about it. I told myself I wouldn't go unless the steamship company would give me a pass. And then when they wouldn't, although I thought it was shocking bad taste on their part, I said I'd go anyway just for spite.

Two years ago, when in the half-light of the early morning we gathered on the forward deck to see the approach to the land of our desires, I

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remember getting wrinkles on my nose and feeling a kind of disdainful pity for the Honolulu people who rushed to the rail and exclaimed with delight over "dear old Diamond Head," and when I saw teardrops glistening on the lashes of a woman who had not been back for two whole months I really pitied her in a sarcastic, horrid kind of superior way. What could there possibly be in an ordinary, bare old mountain jutting out into the sea in that egotistical kind of way to make anybody indulge in such heroics, I thought. A week later I found myself looking off over the rice-fields and the taro patches, the banana fields and the coconut groves to the crescent shore-line of Waikiki, and I felt a new respect for Diamond Head. Two months later when I sail away my last Aloha was for Diamond Head—"dear old Diamond Head" now, to me, too. And when a few weeks ago I caught my first glimpse of Diamond Head and felt the thrill come back I knew that the charm was not broken, the spell still was on, and I felt in my heart that Honolulu would be the same.

Well, in that I was mistaken. She is the same in a way and yet not the same, for she is more so. The compelling charm that held me in its thrall two years ago and would not let me go, still holds me tighter than before, and the thought of packing my trunk and going away is one of positive pain.

When I first saw Honolulu there were two things which impressed me most strongly: the wonderful hospitality of her people and the glory of color in sea and sky and hilltop. Both are bigger and stronger and brighter than before, and the coming back has been like coming home to something one has loved and cherished and carried about in the heart.

Honolulu's latch-string seems to be of the rubber variety, and no matter how far one wanders away from the Diamond Head gatepost he always finds within his hand—or is it fastened around his heart?—the end of the string. I think it must be it gets tangled in his heart sometimes for those of us who have been here before, have felt strange, insistent tuggings at our hearts every once in a while, and examination always proved that the latch-string was getting taut and something was drawing us back.

Well, as I was the last one to leave, I seem to have been the first one to come back, and there seems, somehow, to be a personal interest in every building and every roadway. It is always a pleasure to make new friends, but it is nothing to the pleasure of renewing that friendship later on. That's the way it is in returning to Honolulu. For two years I have eagerly read the Honolulu papers whenever they were sent me, and have experienced a twinge of jealousy every time I have seen a friend leave for the islands.

As there has not been a new edition of the dictionary since my last visit I don't happen to know of any new adjectives to bring into use. If I did, I should use them. Being a firm believer in economy, political, domestic, and every other kind, I have thought of a way to express my feelings; I believe when our party was here before that we all took up considerable space in the various papers exhibiting our feelings and our impressions. The best way in which I can answer the question asked me today, "How does Honolulu impress you after two years?" is to say: "Just hunt up the files of the Honolulu papers of two years ago—from September till November and multiply by ten everything, I said about Honolulu and her people." That is the way a second visit to the Sunshine Islands has impressed me.

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